The greatest honor that can be paid Dr. Lorenz is to be called "the bloodless surgeon."

A man with a microscope can find bacteria in anything. Society may as well make up its mind to put up with them and be thankful they are not as large as mosquitoes.

Irrigation enterprises in Egypt and in Western areas in the United States have already brought about marvelous results. With water enough, almost any desert may be made an Eden.

It was the irony of fate that Thomas B. Reed, after retiring from Congress for the purpose of bettering his condition financially, should have been called across the dark river just as he was beginning to feel himself in easy circumstances.

"Frenchmen, Galatians and Irishmen are by nature shallow," says Dr. Parkhurst, of New York City. "If they possess any depth," he unfortunately continues, "it is not to be discovered by any known method of spiritual sounding." Shade of Sir Boyle, how deep they must be!

More than a century ago the fear of being buried alive led to the establishment in German cities of mortuary chambers in which a bellrope is placed in the hands of each corpse. In his recent volume on "Death and Sudden Death" Professor Brouardel declares that there is no record of that bell having ever been rung anywhere.

Is it impossible to forge practically unbreakable steamship shafts and propeller blades on transatlantic liners, or at least to supply shafts and blades which can be counted upon to hold their own for a definite series of years? The frequent collapses in parts of the machinery of huge ships at sea suggest the theory that the forging is not always impeccable.

This is the time of year when we read of the new books things like these: "As goods as Dickens;" "suggests Thackeray;" "like Hawthorne at his best;" "better than Mark Twain;" "as realistic as Bret Harte's Californians;" "as funny as Lewis Carroll." Yet there are some who are so foolish as to suggest that our new authors shine less in the matter of quality than in quantity.

Competition in farming is getting to be more and more intense. The man who understands the soil the best is the one who succeeds. Modern farmers do not trust to luck in sowing their crops in fresh soil. They use the information secured through experiment stations, and, as a result, each kind of soil now receives the crop best adapted to its nature. Crop rotation is followed on every well regulated farm; fertilization is a part of the annual improvement.

Professor Wenley of the University of Michigan tells his class in philosophy that "it has been discovered in the university laboratories that girls' ears hear a higher range of sound than do those of boys." Naturally. The feminine sensibilities are more delicate and acute than those of the grosser sex, and their capacities of rapture or agony greater. But mark the punishment that accompanies the gift. The men make most of the noise. The women have to drink it in to the last dregs of vibration.

Senator Mason is responsible for the statement that the United States is the only civilized country in the world that does not protect the consumers of food products against the adulteration of the manufacturer. Some statisticians believe that much of the sickness in our country is caused by mal-nutrition due to adulteration. It is not that people do not eat enough, but their food does not nourish them, because it is impoverished or rendered baneful by the addition of foreign substances. This is a question that touches women in particular, as women are the almost universal caterers in the United States. By an intelligent selection of food they can foster the health of their families, or by neglect and ignorance impoverish them. Women should stand ready to assist during the legislative sessions the efforts that, it is said, will be made in many States to secure pure food laws.

It is now believed that in the near future farms are to be controlled by great corporations. W. C. Green, of New York, has recently purchased a tract of 7,000,000 acres in Northern Mexico, which he will operate as a corporation. In Missouri recently an 8000 acre farm was placed in the hands of a company to be managed, and this company is now buying surrounding lands to make a gigantic farm ranch. In North Dakota the Dalrymples own a 20,000 acre wheat ranch, which is managed in the same manner as any mercantile establishment. The general trend outside of agriculture has been toward consolidation, and the present captains of the farming and ranching industry have already caught the fever, and they, too, will perhaps consolidate their interests. Whether a unity of capital will be successful in carrying on crop and beef production can only be determined by trial and experience.

The Spanish Treasury is not expecting a deficit. Wonder of wonders! The age of miracles is not yet ended.

To a young and gentle maiden descends the ownership of the biggest artillery mills in either hemisphere, the Krupp works, in Essen. This may prove to be an omen of peace and good will to the world.

The Kansas farmer who proposes to raffle himself and farm to marriageable women at twenty-five cents a "chance" is a true financier. If the scheme works, he'll get a wife and a pocketful of spending money—and still have the farm.

In several States the task of investigating unsound methods of insuring the lives of little children for the benefit of parents has been already begun, or is likely to be taken up soon. It would be impossible to set up too careful safeguards for the protection of the fledglings of the cradles.

As industrial progress goes ahead, some of the most celebrated waterfalls are harnessed for the motive power of great mills, and the dusty old age miller no longer grinds with the water that is past, if he ever did before. This is the age of machinery and the mill on the floss and the village smithy are outworn and out of date.

Mr. Kruger, in his autobiography, was not much given to reminiscence, but he gives one story that will be appreciated. Speaking of his visit to Berlin in 1884, Oom Paul says: Bismarck had stumbled on the stairs of the palace and the old Emperor said jokingly: 'Prince, you are growing old.' 'Yes, Majesty,' replied Bismarck, 'it's usually the case that the horse grows old before his rider.'"

A saltcellar of the spacious times of great Elizabeth has been sold at auction in London for the amazing sum of $15,000. Only a saltcellar! And there is no authentic proof that the lion hearted ruler of the England of Shakespeare and of Burleigh and the other men of high renown who lived in the latter part of the marvellous sixteenth century ever took salt from this small dish. If such a bit of tableware sells for $15,000, what would be a fair price for a genuine Elizabethan platter big enough to contain a baron of true British roast beef?

Cypress, according to Athenian advices, is in a state of destitution. Cypriots recently arrived in Piraeus, the port of Athens, state that bad harvests and exorbitant interest on loans have produced this result. In order to avoid the law regarding interest, the bonds which the villagers are required by the users to give are couched in such a way that no interest is mentioned, it being included in the amount for which a bond is given. The people are said to be charged as much as twenty or thirty per cent. on amounts advanced for periods not exceeding nine months.

The widow of General U. S. Grant has followed her distinguished husband to the grave. Mrs. Grant, in her married life of more than half a century, saw many strange vicissitudes of fortune, but in poverty and distinction alike she bore herself with dignity and discretion, and graced every position she filled, whether as the wife of the struggling farmer, teamster and tanner, or as the lady of the White House. She reflected credit on American womanhood, and will long be remembered with respect by all who honor the name of Ulysses Simpson Grant.

English papers inform us that a recent celebrated criminal case has given to the criminal classes of England a new word, one which is likely to be taken up by others. Mrs. Penruddocke, the wife of a county magistrate, was accused and convicted of shocking cruelty toward her little daughter. The case has excited intense interest in England not only because of the prominence of the woman but because she got off with a fine of $250, which for her was merely nominal punishment. Now when a prisoner gets off with an unexpectedly light sentence or fine he remarks that he has received a Penruddocke. The name may take its place in our language like those of Captain Boycott and Mr. Bowdler.

In view of the disposition of so many young persons in the rural districts and the smaller cities to settle in the larger ones, the statement of the Secretary of Agriculture that about 40,000,000, or more than half the people of the United States, live on its farm lands, has no doubt taken the country by surprise. The fact, however, is stated on the authority of the Twelfth Census reports, and is therefore accepted without question; and in view of the other undeniable fact that the prosperity of the country depends chiefly on its agricultural products and capacities, which are without a rival in the world, the statement causes general satisfaction. The sources of the Nation's wealth are in the cultivatable land, as is manifest from the fact that, without reckoning in the animal and the cereal products consumed at home, the amount of such products sent abroad has averaged for many years about seventy per cent. of the entire export trade of the country.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

True Story Told by One Who Lived There—Lock of Woman's Hair When Found Gave Substance to a Strange Tale—Days of Slavery Recalled and a Dreadful Crime Unfolded . . . .

IN an ordinary street car one day sat three women—two gossips, evidently cronies, and a lady. The latter looked listlessly out of the windows, absorbed in thought, until she heard her own name mentioned, with many exclamations of oh's, ah's and "who would have thought it?" Soon she discovered that it was not really personal, but a rehash of foolish stories, in which she and her family, ruined fortunes and former social prominence were the topics, but when she heard wonderment expressed that the old haunted house was now her abode, she sat, listened and was anxious. One said: "If she knew the house has the wickedest history in town, and no one ever stays there beyond a month or two! An apparition always appears with mute, but piteous appeals, as though asking for release."

The lady, we will call her Mrs. Kendall, felt the grave insult that was cast upon her when she heard them quote: "Oh, yes, it is a big house, but Mrs. Kendall gets it cheap, because a disreputable woman had positively got located there, remaining with their iniquities a long fortnight, until they were evicted!"

An avalanche of trouble had swept over Mrs. Kendall. Money had melted away! But it was necessary to keep up a semblance of a home. An invalid in her family had to be cared for, kept in retirement and protected. It required a whole floor of the house to insure this. She had, already, spent a good portion of the money that had been scraped together by the sale of bric-a-brac and cherished objects. She could not move again. She must stay in that odious old place. An agent had rented it to her, and when she hurried to his office he laughed at the rehearsal of the gossip's chatter, spoke of the wonderful history of the house, and offered to make any repairs, but the lease must stand. Too poor to move, the place became to her like the evil presence of an outlaw. How she hated it!

There were many rooms, large and comfortable, plenty of light—not a place for a ghost to walk in; yet strange noises and low moans were heard. It might have been the wind whistling down some half concealed speaking tubes. The house was in a lonely deserted part of Washington, very near Georgetown.

No negro servants would ever sleep there nights, for a tradition was rife that a slave robber had once owned the place, and that there was a secret walled passage that led to the river. For, as Mrs. Kendall remembered, up and down the Potomac negroes were stolen, drugged, heavily manacled and on dark nights brought in boats to the water gate, and hurried up the slimy secret passage, to lie in the hidden room of this big house until they could with safety be started in well covered wagons on their long journey to the cotton fields of the South, there to be sold, at large profits. It was easy to label them runaway slaves and easy to take an unfrequented route; there were neither telegraph lines nor telephones. In the few newspapers that circulated there were quaint advertisements from their angry masters offering large rewards for poor slaves, found either dead or alive. It was all laid to the door of those "cursed abolishionists." Mrs. Kendall did not believe all these tales, nor did she wholly discredit them. She ventured down into the many-vaulted old cellar, saw no uncanny door, though she did hear those strange moans and sighs. The entire subject was forbidden, and in the family there was never any discussion about it.

The old house had assumed a cheerful look; there were no darkened windows, and on every broad window sill beautiful flowers nodded and bloomed all day. The mystery was over, moral health had returned and a speculative builder was negotiating for the house, with all its outlying land, thinking he would build an apartment tenement, with a park of its own. Mrs. Kendall was well pleased, feeling her deliverance from that unaccountable horror had come. Strange things came about instead. You will say so, too, if you will but finish this true story.

It was in April, the weather as beautiful as a dream of paradise. Mrs. Kendall walked slowly home to the old house, not feeling altogether well. Looking up at the back wall she saw how much the crack had widened, and thought frequent rains had wrought injury.

All around some faithful gnarled old apple trees were filled with blushing pink flowers, and the air redolent with their perfume. Entering the house she mounted the stairs, only pausing to look up at the low ceiling, over the landing, as she had often wondered how the space was occupied, and why there was no opening, no door, to the space that must be there. She entered her own room and closed the door. Sitting at the writing desk was a dark, thin young woman, with great melancholy eyes, who rose and silently pointed to the ceiling, and then held out her emaciated hands as if in supplication. Mrs. Kendall stepped forward not in the least frightened—never associating the incident with anything supernatural—and said, in a gracious way, "My poor girl, can I help you?" The two women smiled, and then, for the first time, Mrs. Kendall noticed the splendid long black hair, and then the manacles on the delicate wrists. The room was damp and dark in a moment.

Mrs. Kendall had become unconscious. It was late in the afternoon before any return to life was apparent. She was in bed; a strange doctor, a strange nurse standing on either side! The nurse said softly: "It is a case of double pneumonia." The doctor answered slowly: "Yes, with heart complications." Through days of weariness and suffering through all the different stages of that fell disease were passed. Conscious, calm, without fear; patient, willingly waiting for the dread messenger, yet never even remembering the apparition on that April day. Devoted and dearly beloved daughters were near. Nothing ever seemed to give warmth; she was like one cold and already dead. Friends of old brought rare, sweet flowers.

The days of the crisis had come; a strange solemnity reigned in the sick room and in the house. Mrs. Kendall appeared waiting for the final end. Suddenly she said in a whisper: "I would like to see Father M.," who had just called to make a sympathetic inquiry. When he came again Mrs. Kendall astenished every one by saying that she wished to join the Catholic Church. Doctor and nurse were consulted. Things were quickly prepared and a faithful Catholic friend knelt beside the bedside of the dying, lighted candles in hand: extreme unction, the last sad rite of the church, was administered: the solemn words of the credo were repeated, and Mrs. Kendall seemed to pass over and beyond this life. But as she sank into that deep slumber, a sweet, clear voice, like that of a thrush, sang a low and tender song.

Mrs. Kendall felt instinctively that, instead of dying she was called back to this life. Suddenly the visions changed; a large imposing figure appeared, stern of countenance, yet with something saintly about him, as if by magic the epoch was the ante-bellum days; all was action; droves of slaves went by quickly; evil-faced men came; gold was lying around; through the room was carried a young girl with long, floating black hair—a door seemed to open where none had been before. The men who went in came out hurriedly, and one had blood on his hands. They had a look of Cain in their half averted eyes; they accused each other, a few whispered words, then they shook hands, over what was a bloody compact. The elder said: "It had to be done! the bloodhounds were after us; we were nearly traced here, and this house will be watched. We must run for our lives." The elder man, more cautious, more devlish, made answer: "Here we stay; we must ward off suspicion. I have money; we will share both danger and money." "But," said the other, "you made a mistake in the girl! I tell you, this one is old Colonel Fairworth's daughter; the other was the mulatto." Shivering with fear, the other replied: "Where did you put her?" "She is on that low bed, with the ropes."

All this Mrs. Kendall saw and heard.

The strange, strong face saddened and only allowed a little more to be shown. A great turmoil arose over the disappearance of Miss Fairworth, and the broken-hearted old father, coming daily to tell his grief to the murderer, offering everything; half, yes, all his fortune to find even a trace of his idolized daughter, because, he thought, a man who knew so many people might learn something.

The murderer, sitting in terror, obliged to listen and always afraid of his cowardly companion in crime. An answer came, as if to a question, "Yes, murder will out; a great storm will rend these walls; the secret room will be brought to light, the skeleton and nothing but the long black hair of all the beauty left to tell the tale."

And the cowardly murderers? They shall be forever burdened with their crime! poor, abandoned and crazed by hunger, they shall bring out the truth. Then Mrs. Kendall came back to life; the doctor spoke: "The crisis has passed." It was near twilight; flowers were on the windowsill. The daughters came in softly on tiptoe, saying, "Mamma, it is us; you are here. Now, it is the twilight of a lovely May day. Some time you will be well enough to be outdoors and drive with your friend, Mrs. A." The nurse came to the bed with such a look of relief. Mrs. Kendall whispered, "How long did I sleep?" "A little over forty minutes," said the nurse as she looked at her watch.

"What is the magic that gives dreams the mighty power to annihilate time and space?"

Mrs. Kendall's family while living in the country were somewhat the victims of a terrible storm that carried destruction everywhere.

Mrs. Kendall's first thought was to come to the old house in Washington and see what havoc had been wrought. She did so. As she drove up it was as she surmised; that cracked sidewalk had gone down, and, as one of the workmen said who was trying to repair damages: "This old house ought to have been utterly destroyed. Many crimes were committed there. Why, there was a room that had been walled up; in it we found a skeleton; it must have been a woman, for there was a lot of long black hair; I reckon some doctor had his shop here."

Mrs. Kendall shivered, but said nothing, though she was glad when a newsboy offered her a paper. Looking at it mechanically, almost the first thing she saw was that some charitable people were endeavoring to get two half-demented men, who were living in a shanty down on the river flats, to abandon the hovel which they occupied and consent to be placed in a better home. She drove there also. Looking at them she felt that she again saw the murderers. The hovel was in sight of the house. Their chains were invisible but strong.—Washington Star.

Want Cars For Women Only.

New York women have organized an association which is seeking to compel street car companies to provide cars for women only. Mrs. Richard Henry Savage, the President of the association, says that there should be such cars in order that women "would not be obliged to have men falling over them, sitting on their laps and blowing tobacco-laden breaths in their faces." While the car companies are not favorable to the movement, there does not seem to be any good reason why there should not be special cars for women who want to keep clean as well as special cars for men who want to smoke.

Combination Was Too Much.

Bishop Doane, of Albany, N. Y., was standing in front of a drug store in that city the other day talking to the druggist and a well-known surgeon, says the Waterford Times. Near by stood an undertaker's wagon, which the driver had left there for a few minutes while he went into a store to make a purchase. Presently a friend of the Bishop came along. He was about to stop for a chat with the group, but suddenly changed his mind. "Doctor, druggist, priest and undertaker's wagon," he said as he moved on. "That combination is a little too much for me. I'll pass."

FARM MATTERS.

Sheltering Cattle.

I feed cattle of all ages, the bulk, however, being from one to three years old. One of the best feeds I can get is two parts corn and one part oats for the first thirty days. Thereafter I begin to decrease the proportion of oats until the fourth month, when I feed my cattle on a full feed of corn. My belief is that it is the best to leave out the oats as soon as the cattle are in condition to stand a full feed of corn. Corn alone fattens cattle most rapidly, and puts them in a marketable condition quicker than any other food or combination of foods. I usually feed my cattle about four months. For roughage I use oats and flax straw. I have never tried cottonseed meal or any of the gluten feeds. As to shelter, I have large, roomy, well-ventilated houses. The cattle have free access to these, and go in and out at their pleasure.—P. E. Phelps, in Orange Judd Farmer.

An Inexpensive Feeder.

After the syrup has been made, pour it into an ordinary fruit jar, cover with a single thickness of cheese cloth and tie with a string around the neck of

the jar. Now invert on top of it a breakfast plate, and turn the whole upside down on top of the brood frames in the position shown in the illustration. The syrup will ooze out as fast as the bees sip it up, and no faster. There is no danger of any bees drowning in the liquid or even getting their feet wet.—F. G. Herman, in the Cultivator.

Green Manuring.

There are plenty of farmers who do not believe in or practice green manuring. They think it a better and more profitable plan to harvest a crop, whatever it is, and feed it to animals. They also hold that the process of soil amelioration by this means is too slow, and takes altogether too long. These and other objections to green manuring are plausible and rather hard to refute. Still the fact remains that favorable results are often obtained by plowing under green crops. Sometimes a farmer has land that is deteriorating under annual cropping, and he cannot well put it in a condition to return a profitable cultivated and harvested crop. He may have used all available home-made manure, and it may not be convenient to purchase concentrated fertilizers.

In such a case, rather than let the land go fallow, he may find it to his interest to cover it with some crop on purpose to plow it under. One advantage of this course is its extreme cheapness. It costs the farmer practically nothing but the seed, the labor of plowing the ground at the time of sowing, and again when the crop has made a suitable growth. Something is gained by the improvement of the mechanical condition of the soil, by preventing the growth of undesirable weeds which would otherwise have taken possession of the land, and by increasing soil fertility to some extent. The addition of humus by the decay of the crop is in some soils of great importance. The argument that no fertility is added to the soil by simply returning the crop that grew upon it does not apply to a leguminous crop, that is able to draw a large part of its support from the air. If the plan of green manuring is not followed under any other circumstances, it is certainly advisable to sow some hardy crop on the removal of a harvested crop, to remain through the winter as a cover and be plowed down in the spring.—S. B. Keach, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Care of the Poultry.

At this season of the year great care is needed to keep birds comfortable, especially on cold nights. If buildings are not extra warm, the best way is to place the roosts in a corner of the room and put up a partition around them, leaving a door in front, or hang up an old carpet to let down after they go on the roost. Their bodies will warm the space they occupy and prevent frosted combs, which most often happens at night, while the birds are quiet. Be sure none are left outside the roosting place. During severe weather keep doors and windows closed tight and ventilators shut. Birds do not need any outside air in zero weather. Study how to keep the air out, and not how to let it in. On warm days give them plenty of air on the opposite side of the building from that on which the wind blows. When a bird has taken cold and makes a noise resembling a crow, give a little kerosene oil from a small oil can, so as not to cause strangling. One dose usually is sufficient, as in a few hours the noise will cease. If the case is severe give two two-grain quinine pills, and, if needed, give two grains at night and in the morning until better. Epsom salts in water is also good, a teaspoonful at a dose, once. This is also good for roup.

When birds have lice, you will usually find them in the fluff more than under the wings. Rub with insect powder down to the skin, and it will kill the lice. Put plenty of kerosene oil on the perches, both upper and under sides, especially the latter, as that will kill the red mites that go on the birds at night, but do not live on them during the day. For scaly leg put kerosene oil on the legs. If a very bad case, mix with a little fresh grease; otherwise use clear. Two or three applications a week will work wonders in a short time. In case a bird becomes ruptured, use a soft cloth and replace the parts, washing the parts in strong alum water, giving also a few drops of laudanum or something of that quieting nature. Place the bird in a low coop to prevent flying or exertion. Wash the parts affected several times if necessary, and keep the bird quiet, and if the rupture has not been caused very long the bird will be all right in a short time, unless a bad case.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Rider, in New York Tribune Farmer.

A Homemade Brooder.

This brooder has given excellent satisfaction. The cut shows the lamp below a sheet of iron that securely shuts off the lamp chamber from the

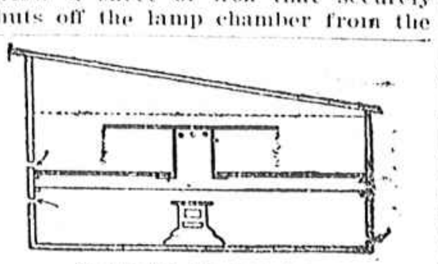
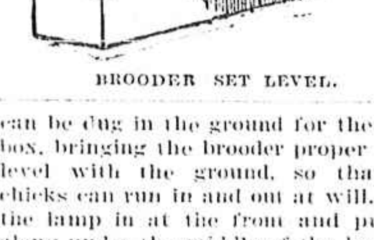


DIAGRAM OF BROODER.

space above. Bed the sheet iron in white lead to make it air tight. Above the sheet iron is a floor of matched stuff, and in the centre is a five-inch drum opening into the space between the floor and the sheet iron. Around the top of the drum are openings that let the hot air out into the brooder. The top of the drum extends for ten inches all around the drum and from the outer edge a flannel curtain is hung, inclosing a circular space with the drum in the centre. The curtain is "slashed" up every three inches. The dotted line shows where the cover can be placed for an inside border. If it is to be used out of doors it must have a sloping cover. Put two lights of glass either in the cover or in opposite sides.

Not more than fifty chicks should be placed together when hatched, and two weeks later not more than half this number should be brooded in one lot. For fifty chicks just hatched, the brooder should be three feet square and the sheet-iron top of the hover should have a diameter of twenty inches. The ventilating holes are one inch in diameter. Cut rectangular openings in the sides and fit glass to the inner and outer edges of the opening. This will give tight double win- used for this brooder, but the regular brooder stoves that can be bought from any poultry supply house are better.

Chicks persist in running under the incline. To obviate this, a plan is shown in the second illustration, where the lamp box is narrow and extends in front of the brooder. A narrow trench



BROODER SET LEVEL.

can be dug in the ground for the lamp box, bringing the brooder proper down level with the ground, so that the chicks can run in and out at will. Put the lamp in at the front and push it along under the middle of the brooder. Then close the cover in front. The lamp chamber must be ventilated in front and at the rear by two holes at each point.—American Agriculturist.

Scientific Cheese Making.

The cheesemaker should be more acquainted with the scientific reasons of curing than many profess to-day, and there is room for improvement in this line which is pretty well recognized by the dairy schools and experiment stations. The growth and development of the bacteria which cure the cheese are something that can be understood so well that it is possible to control the whole process. The man who makes cheese for the market should know how long to hold the cheese to give it a certain flavor, and when the curing should cease. It is impossible for any farmer or factory to produce uniform grades of cheese otherwise. On some farms the cheese produced varies so much that it would be impossible to say that the different grades were made by the same man. This is not due so much to the difference in the cows and milk as in the process of making and curing. Some cheese should be cured much faster than others, and again the reverse is the case. Unless one understands the reasons for this it is impossible to produce like results. Every cheesemaker has found that in spite of his best efforts the cheese of one day's work is stiff and dry, and that of the next day too moist. In such a case different treatment is demanded. The moist cheese will cure much faster than the stiff and dry cheese, and if the two are handled alike uniform quality cannot be expected.

In the curing there are four factors or conditions that must be considered and brought under control. These are temperature, air, moisture and light. Unless we know how to control these we cannot expect to produce the highest results with the cheese. Temperature probably is the most important and intractable of these factors, and it is something that requires persistent study. A proper temperature in the curing-room will often produce good cheese, even when other conditions are against the work. The temperature should at first be kept between sixty-five and seventy degrees, and lowered then gradually to sixty degrees. In the spring of the year the temperature should be kept higher, as the cheese should be cured faster. In the winter sometimes the temperature toward the end can even descend as low as fifty degrees, but the cheesemaker must be very careful at such times. Good ventilation is essential and also a certain amount of light. The regulation of the light bears an important part in the making of cheese, and we do not yet know all that it will do for us. The moisture, of course, must be controlled, but that is a matter for each one to solve for himself.—James Ridgeway, in American Cultivator.

For the first time in over thirty years a steamer has been launched from a Dublin shipyards. She is owned in Liverpool and will be engined at Glasgow.

At a Japanese banquet it is considered a compliment to exchange cups with a friend.

Household Matters

A Convenience.

A package of absorbent cotton is a convenience in the household. One of its uses is in removing grease spots from woolens. If applied immediately after oil, milk, butter or cream has been spilled on the fabric it will absorb every trace.

Linen Chests.

Every girl, whether a prospective bride or not, and every housewife is eager to possess one of the new linen chests, copies of old medieval marriage chests of ancient times, that are now held in such high esteem. The rich dark wood and elaborate handmade metal mountings of the latest ones are wholly satisfactory, both from an artistic and beauty standpoint.

For the Stairway Wall.

Often the papered wall along a stairway becomes soiled, while the rest of the hall remains fresh and clean. A concealing dado that is also decorative can be put on of fine Japanese netting. This should be tacked lightly to the wall, the edge finished with a narrow rim of split bamboo, the bamboo being used, too, wherever any joint occurs that should be covered. If desired, the matting and bamboo may be stained to match the tone of the paper.

Window Seats.

Window seats are usually made for windows where the inside shutters fold back into the frame, coming down to within a foot of the floor, as in parlor windows. Nail a block against the side boxing just below the sill and on these cleats rest a board about twelve or fifteen inches wide, which you have previously padded and covered with a suitable material. Children enjoy these window seats, and when there is a cushion at one end and a potted plant at the other they give a distinctively decorative touch to a room.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Use lemon juice in place of vinegar on any article needing an acid.

Stewed celery eaten with the liquid in which it is cooked is said to be excellent in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia.

Barley is deficient in gluten, but rich in phosphatic salts. It is the chief cereal of the northern countries of Europe. The Greeks trained their athletes on it.

Corn is the principal part of the food in some parts of Asia and Africa. It is our most productive cereal and contains the most oily matter.

Buckwheat should be used in cold rather than in warm weather.

Oats contain nearly twenty per cent. of nitrogenous substance. Oat preparations for invalids should be well cooked and strained.

Groats are oats unhulled.

Rye is less nutritious than wheat and more laxative.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Helpful Hints.

Camphor put in drawers or trunks will keep away mice.

Rub hinges with a feather dipped in oil, and they will not creak.

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will take paint out of clothing no matter how dry or hard the paint may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap-suds.

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water, apply with a soft brush to gilt frames, and flies will keep off them.

A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

A little charcoal mixed with clear water thrown into a sink will disinfect and deodorize it.

The odor of sweet peas is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of a sick-room.

A fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by being frequently sponged with water in which a little soda has been dissolved.

Brasswork can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.—Woman's Home Companion.

. . RECIPES . .

Tomato Preserve—Scald and peel carefully small tomatoes; weigh them; add an equal amount of sugar and let stand over night; pour off all the juice and boil until it is a thick syrup; add tomatoes and boil until clear or transparent; a piece of ginger root or one lemon to each pound of fruit gives a pleasant flavoring.

Cornmeal Pancakes—Pour a little boiling water on one cupful of cornmeal and let it stand half an hour; add one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, one egg beaten and two cupfuls of flour; add enough sour milk to make a smooth batter, and just before baking add one teaspoon of baking soda.

Rice Crumpet—Beat three eggs until very light; add to them one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one tablespoon of melted butter; stir in one cupful of cold boiled rice, one cup of corn flour, half a teaspoon of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; these may be baked in large crumpet rings on top of the stove oven twenty-five minutes.

Prune Souffle—Wash half a pound of prunes in warm water; put them to soak for six hours in cold water until tender. Drain, remove the stones, sweeten to taste and beat to a smooth paste. Whip the whites of four eggs until stiff and add the prune paste. Turn into a buttered mould or baking dish and bake for twenty minutes. The souffle can be served hot or cold with whipped cream.

Curry of Scallops—Put one teaspoon of butter in the chafing dish; when it is melted add one tablespoon of minced onion; after this is brown stir in one teaspoon of curry powder; cook for five minutes; then add one teaspoon of curry powder; cook five minutes; then add one pint of white starch and let simmer until reduced about one-half; parboil one pint of scallops fifteen minutes; add them to the sauce and cook from five to ten minutes; season with salt and pepper and serve hot.